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SPORTING NEWS.

BY LEON.

THERE'S SOMETHING DOING.

On Monday, July 29, the Methodists and Baptists lock horns before the public of Nashville for the first time. These teams represent two of the largest Negro publishing houses in the world, so nothing short of a multitude of people will be present to urge his or her team to victory. The teams are so evenly matched that there will have to be some errors made for the reapers of honor to ever reach the goal. Now everybody who is of the Baptist or Methodist belief has a chance to be present and lend their aid in a good cause and at the same time have a jolly good time. The placards and bills are out telling all about this great game. Each team is hard at practice and will be until Mr. "Bill" Stewart says "play ball," on the 29th inst.

The readers of The Globe all want to know who is "Leon." Well, if you come to see this game you will see him on the coaching line. All the women folks will be out in great style. Well, enough said.

Foster Speaks.

Andrew "Rube" Foster evidently takes a decidedly different view from the claim of the correspondent who writes that McClelland, of the Philadelphia Giants, and Buckner, of the Royal Giants, are the best colored pitchers in the world, and, in defense of his past achievements, submits the following statement for the judgment of the baseball public who read "The Tribune":

"Buckner, McClelland, Wilson, the Western crack, and myself (Foster) were the pitchers last year selected to play in the Cuban League. I had the pleasure of meeting each of these gentlemen in competition with the following results: I won 11 out of 16 games; McClelland did not win a single contest; George Wilson won three games, while Buckner did succeed in winning one game. Each one of these players met me three or more times. Both Buckner and McClelland lost the colored championship games to me. I furthermore issue the following challenge: Will play the Philadelphia Giants in Philadelphia or anywhere, for any amount they care to play for, and would give anything for that 'winner take all gag' of theirs.

"Signed:
"ANDREW RUBE FOSTER."

A comparison with the box scores, shows that Lloyd Hill, Bowman and Petway, of the Philadelphia Giants; Harris, Winston, Payne, Rose, Booker and Gatewood, of the Leland Giants, are youngsters that are doing equally as good work as any of the veterans, and in many instances they excel.

During the last few years the West has imported colored stars to fill every position on the diamond, with one exception, and that is first-base. No player from the North, East, South or West seems as capable of holding down first-base in the manner in which Ray Wilson daily performs for the Philadelphia Giants.

On the Fourth of July the Leland Giants realized \$525 as their share for the two games played against the Gunthers.—Philadelphia Tribune.

Gans Willing to Fight Dane.

New York, July 9.—Joe Gans, the great colored pugilist, blinked at the white lights on Broadway last night for a few minutes. He didn't tarry long and while he was here was on the fight job strictly.

He had an appointment with Tex Rickard, the Nevada mining man and fight promoter, and dropped in to see him on his way to the West.

Rickard is anxious to pull off a return fight between Gans and Nelson, and says he believes he can find a \$40,000 purse for the fight if pulled off in Nevada sometime in September, preferably Labor Day.

Gans told Rickard last night that he would leave the arrangements in his hands and would abide by anything he and Nelson would agree upon, reserving one point—the weight. Gans insists that they weigh in at the ring-side in fighting costume at 133 pounds.

The division of the purse, Gans said, would be secondary with him, so long as it was not absolutely unreasonable. He insists, too, that Billy Nolan, the Dane's manager, be made to do business in writing from first to last this time.

"I don't want to talk to Nolan," he said, "about the fight. Let him sign the agreement Mr. Rickard draws up, or has drawn up for us, and I will put my name to it in a hurry."

Gans is looking well and says he is feeling fine. "All I need to make me happy," he said, "is a little of Nelson's coin. I expect to be happy, too, if I get a chance to get in the ring with him again."—Philadelphia Tribune.

Benefit for Dixon.

A scheme is under way to have an entertainment for the benefit of George Dixon. There is not the slightest

doubt that Dixon needs the money, and if any plan can be arranged by which the receipts will go to the former champion and not be diverted to other sources, well and good. The promoters of the affair should see to it that the money is put away in such manner that it can be drawn only in small amounts at regular intervals and by Dixon only. Otherwise Dixon will not derive much benefit from the entertainment.

The Battler Wants to Fight at Something Over 133-Pound Limit—Trick Is Looked for.

What is Bill Nolan fishing for now? Nolan is out with a statement that Nelson may demand a weight over the 133-pound limit of the lightweight class if he fights Gans.

"I'm a little fellow," said Nelson. "I don't weigh over 133 right now, and I can easily fight at 133 pounds in my tight. I can do 130 if I want to. Gans is a big fellow beside me. I ain't going to give him none the best of the weight. He'll have to weigh in at 133 at 3 o'clock, and weigh in with all his fighting togs on, or there won't be no fight."

Comparing these two statements, Nolan's latest outbreak has a queer look. What new scheme has he evolved now? Although such a trick would be something of a chestnut, it looks as if he intended to make the match with Gans at 133 stripped, and then demand the weighing in with trunks, shoes and gloves on at the last moment, just as he did at Goldfield. By doing that he would force Gans to take off a couple of pounds on the morning of the fight, weakening him just as he did before. For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, Nolan has the heathen Chinese backed off the boards. He always wants to have an ace or two up his sleeve, even if he has to rob another deck.—Clipping.

Fitzsimmons Knocked Out in Second Round by Jack Johnson.

Jack Johnson stopped "Bob" Fitzsimmons in the second round of a six-round boxing bout before the Washington Sporting Club Wednesday night. Fitzsimmons did not show the trace of his former prowess, and it is probable that Johnson could have stopped him in the opening round if he had cared to do so. The blow that put Fitzsimmons out was a right to the jaw. The old man fell to the floor, and as he made no attempt to rise the referee stopped the bout.

The hissing which usually follows knockouts of this character was ab-

sent, the spectators evidently taking compassion on the former pugilistic star.

Referee Keenan refused to act in the ring because he had heard that Fitzsimmons had a badly sprained arm. The Manager of the Club then entered the ring, and watched the uneven match. In the opening round Johnson tapped Fitzsimmons when and where he chose, but the latter was unable to even land his famous counters.

It will be seen from this meeting that it is now up to Burns, Squires or Jefferies. Come on, Jack; and may you, like Gans, our fair lightweight representative, soon lead in your class of fighters.

The World's Famous Bicycle Rider Again on the Track.

Major Taylor, the world-famous cyclist, who is now riding in Europe, has demonstrated the fact that he is far from being a back number.

Three years ago he retired from the track because of the continued American prejudice. He had a contract to ride in France, but canceled it and returned home, because McFarland, Kramer and a number of American riders had planned to do some more of their famous combination trickery in a great international meeting.

Major Taylor was willing to meet any man in the world in a special match race. He met and defeated the champion of every country while he was in Europe, and then McFarland and Lawson went to Australia from here and challenged him. In one race they got him in a pocket and run him up the bank. In his attempt to go around, the fouled him, throwing him over the fence and injuring him severely. When he recovered, several weeks later, to prove that he was their master, he rode both of them special match races and defeated them. Then he refused to ride any more race and returned to America, and retired from the tracks, and for breaking his contract he was sued for \$10,000 by the French syndicate. The case remained in Court several years, and was settled this spring by Mr. Taylor agreeing to return to Paris and ride. Since being there he has broken the world's record and defeated all comers. It simply proves that if a man takes good care of himself that he is good for many years in athletics. Little Major Taylor is a most remarkable little gentleman, and when he quit riding the public quit attending bicycle races and it soon died out.—Freeman.

Jockeys To-Day Inferior to Jockeys of Old.

There are no jockeys—real ones, I mean—to-day," says Starter Jake Holtman.

"You find an occasional Lee, or a Miller, developed over night, and he becomes a nine-day wonder, but it is not because he is as great as the race riders whose names will endure as long as the sport lasts.

"The star jockey of to-day lacks that finish that marked the work of the stars of yesterday. When Taral, Isaac Murphy and boys like that were in their prime we had real jockeys. They were postboys, judges of pace, great finishers, masters of their art in every way.

"Why, an owner could tell one of them to take a horse along at, say, a two-minute clip, and if you held your watch on him you would find him not more than a second out of the way. That's judging pace. Our stars of to-day don't know how to do it. They haven't the long training and experience those boys had. They are made in a hurry and don't last long.

"Even Miller is not a judge of pace. He is a post boy and knows how to get his mount away. This is his forte and accounts for his remarkable success. Other boys to-day are doing good work merely because they have strength and nerve. They take chances that no other human being would take and they get away with it. As long as their courage lasts they shine. The minute they get a bad fall or any other kind of a scare they are done for. They know enough to keep the horse's head straight while at the post.

"That is the main thing. It means a good getaway and gives them a lead. The owner and the public to-day only ask for results, and if a boy gets results without having mastered his art he satisfies the demand."—Clipping.

CARD OF APPRECIATION.

We, the family of Mrs. Hester Copeland, wish to express our thanks and appreciation to our friends, both colored and white for every kindness shown us during our sad hour of bereavement. Respectfully, her daughter and sisters, Mayme Louise Copeland, Mayme Thompson and Mrs. Louise Ewing.

Dr. G. H. Martin
Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE: 714 Jo Johnston Ave.
Hours: 8 to 10 a. m., 3 to 5 p. m.
7 to 9 p. m.
Telephone, Main 4445-W.

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